

Maryknoll

THE FIELD AFAR



JULY 1948

"You're Right Nice!"



No variety of race, or nation, or language, or skin takes from the charm of childhood. And no trait in a follower of Jesus of Nazareth, who drew Jewish children of His day to His knee, is more charming than a love for all the children of the earth, regardless of race, or nation, or tongue.



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The hammer and sickle
reap a harvest
of new Christian martyrs
in an old world
where the Church is still young

by John J. Considine

could you die like THIS?

COLD DECEMBER WINDS blew as the Communist sweep of last year beat open the gates of Jehol, in North China, and took seventeen priests into custody. Some of the priests were Belgians; others were Chinese. Among the latter was Father Peter Chang an experienced missionary and seminary professor, who was respected for his fine judgment and loved for his zeal.

As this fifty-four-year-old Chinese was led away from the group, he called back to his fellow priests an

old Latin expression from the Church of the ages: "*Moriamur fortiter!*"—"Let us die bravely!"

"Your guilt has not been great, Father," the Reds began with honeyed voice. "Your punishment will be light, if you will renounce Catholicism and be converted to Communism."

Father Chang not only refused; he proceeded to exhort his tormentors to become Christian. They tortured and beat him while he pleaded for their souls. For a period of days, they sought to break his resolution, throwing him on the floor of his cell

to pass each night with his bruises. One day they broke his leg. All that night the priest in the cell next to him kept vigil to Father Chang's low moanings. On January 5, 1948, death came.

In Yen-an, the Communists took prisoner Father Liang, a young Chinese of twenty-nine, and called upon him to apostatize.

"Of course I will not apostatize!" he replied. "Not only am I a Christian, but I am a priest. And if you cut off my head, I shall still be a Christian and still be a priest."

He was immediately clubbed to insensibility. At this juncture the Nationalists successfully attacked Yen-an. Father Liang could have escaped, but he remained and was carried off by the fleeing Communists. His weakness made him a burden, so he was soon shot.

In Maoshantung village, in Jehol Province, three Chinese religious — Sisters Wang, Chao, and Mary — were called upon to renounce their religious vows, to abjure Christianity, and to marry. Because they refused, the "people's court" of the Reds condemned them to death by dragging. The three Sisters were stripped, and their arms were bound to their bodies. A rope was fastened to the feet of each, and then tied to a horse. The horses were beaten and frightened, and the three religious were dragged over stones and stubble

until they were dead.

In this same region; a saintly Chinese priest, Father Ho of Heou Fou, was imprisoned and ordered to renounce his religion and become a Communist. Stories have grown up around the memory of this holy

man's end. One report has it that, as Father Ho was about to be shot, a flower appeared above his head, and it eluded the Red executioner

when he tried to grasp it. Another report says that a Catholic woman who was blind sent her little boy to dip a piece of cloth in the blood of the martyred priest, and then, applying this cloth to her eyes, the woman recovered her sight.

In the Maryknoll mission in Manchuria, an elderly Chinese priest, Father Maurice Pai, was imprisoned. His ordinary clothing was taken from him, and he was given burlap to wear. After some six weeks, he was shot three times in the back of the head, and his body was thrown in a ditch. Christians hid the body in the snow and then buried it secretly at night. Such tales bring to mind similar incidents in the history of the great persecutions in the early centuries of the Church.

"One torture gaining popularity," reads a report, "is known as the 'dragon lantern' . . . the back of the priest is slashed open, cotton saturated with gasoline is inserted in the wounds, and the cotton is ignited.

OUR ADDRESS?

It's Easy!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

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The mad antics of the victim suggest the squirming dragon lanterns of Chinese parades. Some other forms of torture are practiced: one layman had holes drilled in his back, and then the holes were filled with gasoline and ignited."

Over five hundred churches have been commandeered by the Communists in North China, and over a thousand schools. Following the refined technique of modern Communism, care is taken to avoid the onus of the direct accusation of religious persecution.

"The persecution organized by the Communists," says a report from Peking, "is worse than that of the Boxers in 1900. The Boxer persecution was violent and bloody, but it was openly anti-Christian and of short duration. The Communist persecution, on the contrary, is sly, long in duration, nerve-racking, with spying of family on family. It is organized by men who pretend to respect freedom of conscience."

There is tremendous drama in this picture of death for Christ in China. We experience a profound sympathy for such groups of missionaries as the Immaculate Heart Fathers, who have suffered cruelly along the Mongolian border. But when our eye embraces the spectacle of thousands of native sons and daughters of China — priests, religious, and laity — facing hideous tortures, the loss of all possessions, and often the loss of life itself, our admiration knows no bounds. We ask ourselves, "Could I die like this? Would I, with all my vaunted faith, prove as gloriously constant in bearing witness for Christ?"

BY THE RED CREED, ALL RELIGION MUST GO

Marx:

"Religion is the sigh of the oppressed creature, the temper of a heartless world . . . *It is the people's opium*. The abolition of religion as the people's illusory happiness, is a requisite of their real happiness."

Lenin:

"Our program is built on science and in particular on the materialistic view of the world . . . Our propaganda necessarily includes, also, atheistic propaganda . . .

" . . . religion is not a private matter. Our party must not be indifferent to unawareness, obscurantism, and obfuscation in the form of religious convictions . . . We have founded our union, among other things, especially for a struggle against the religious deceptions of the workers."

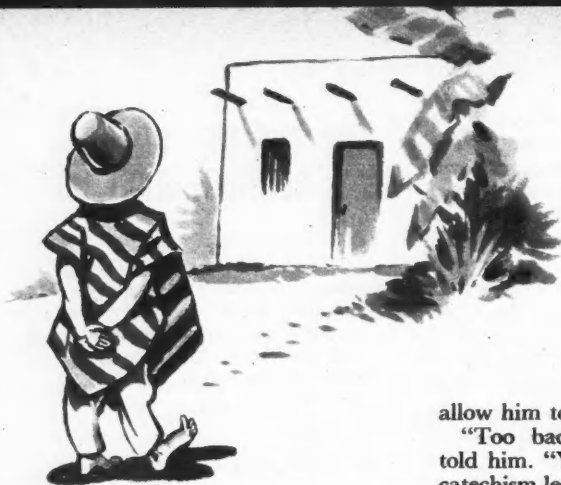
Yaroslavskii:

"A person cannot act correctly, cannot act in an organized manner as a Communist, as a Leninist, if his brain is poisoned by religion."

Stalin:

"We shall be guided by the rightly understood interests of the proletariat, and will agitate against Catholicism and Protestantism and even Orthodoxy, in order to assure victory of the world to the socialist view."

**President of the League of Militant Atheists.*



NO STOPPING PABLO

by John J. McGuire

PABLO IS a nine-year-old Mexican lad of the village of Dzula. When Father Robert E. Lee went to that village to prepare the youngsters for their First Communion, Pablo, along with the rest, buckled down to the grind of learning how to make the Sign of the Cross, in which he became as confused as most, and the task of mastering the prayers in Spanish, a foreign language. Pablo, is an Indian boy, and speaks only Mayan.

Two classes daily, of an hour each, and a lot of patience on the part of Father Lee, took care of the prayers. Then began the catechism lessons. But Pablo was never introduced to the catechism. The farm fields had to be cut and burned, so off went Pablo with his father, to add his puny machete strokes on brush and timber.

A week later Pablo returned to the village. The day was a Saturday; and on the next day, his companions would receive their First Holy Communion. Pablo thought that his knowledge of the prayers would

allow him to join the chosen group.

"Too bad, Pablo," Father Lee told him. "You have missed all the catechism lessons. Next time I come, you can make your Communion."

"But if I knew my catechism, would you let me receive with the others?" asked Pablo.

"Of course! However, you cannot learn in a few hours that which needs a whole week of study."

Pablo left the church and went home.

Early Sunday morning, as Father Lee was making his meditation in the church, he felt someone tugging at his sleeve. He looked up and saw Pablo.

"I know my catechism, Padre," said the lad softly.

Father Lee took a book and asked the first question. That was easy for Pablo. So was the second question, and the third. On and on they went — to the Commandments, the Sacraments, the Precepts. Soon amazement spread over the priest's face. Pablo answered correctly every question in the catechism — questions mastered in one afternoon, and no one knows how much of the night.

On that very Sunday, in Dzula, Pablo received his First Communion.

The Man with the Bag

**Maryknoll's Father Meyer is pioneering
in Canton, with a little bag filled with
medicines. "Dress neatly," is his first
prescription for work among the poor.**

A PHOTO STORY

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Among foul smells of rotting things, Father Meyer opens his medicine case. Curious people gather. "We break the ice by asking general questions," he explains. "Then we casually mention that we have medicine for the sick."



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Not a person is Christian in this suburb of Canton. Some stare glassily, others openly ridicule this stranger, laugh in his face. But Father Meyer is a veteran of thirty years in the apostolate; he shows no displeasure.



Once Father Meyer is known in a village, the sick come to him readily. He shows interest in each man's soul as well as his body. "That's the Catholic priest," the people say after a while. "How kind he is to help us."





NIGHT SHIFT IN THE JUNGLE

No union rules
for the monkeys

by Joseph V. Flynn



TRAVEL IN JUNGLE-LAND, Bolivia, can never be called easy or pleasant. Insects are a constant plague; a path must be hacked through the thick jungle growth; peril is usually close at hand. To get lost in the jungle and be forced to spend a night in the wilderness, is a never-to-be-forgotten experience. I know, because that happened to me.

Pedro, my twelve-year-old helper, and I set out early one morning for a seven-hour ride through the jungle to Maravillas, a settlement northwest of Conquista. We had packed our supplies in a waterproof bag, which we threw over the rump of the mule. Then we mounted: Pedro on top of the bag, and I in the saddle.

Our mule, Masaco, which is usually sure-footed as mules should be, stumbled when we left Conquista. We were thrown into the high grass, but fortunately no greater harm was done. For the first few hours, the trail was in good shape. From time to time, Pedro swung his machete to hack away an overhanging branch.

The little *seringuero* bird sang somewhere in the jungle, telling us, as the people claim, that water and rubber trees were near by. Large, blue butterflies flew erratically across our path.

At noon we paused by a tiny creek for lunch — sandwiches for us, and a feedbag of corn for Masaco. There were no cups, so I used my sun helmet to scoop cool, clear water from the creek. A big piece of sugar-cane fudge was our dessert. After this pause we started out again, refreshed.

Soon we came upon a road that was a nightmare. Deep furrows crossing at right angles gave the road a washboard effect. When the mule sank too deep into the furrows, we detoured her into the jungle — and there our saddlebags caught in the narrow passages between trees, and we were scratched by thorny branches. At times we did not have the opportunity to use machetes, because Masaco plunged quickly into vines and branches, giving us only enough time to “duck” and hope for the best.

By five o'clock we had not reached Maravillas. Pedro, who had made the journey only once before, began to get uneasy. Suddenly the jungle road stopped at a swamp too deep and broad for crossing. To make matters worse, Pedro did not recognize the swamp. Hastily, we began to retrace our steps. But in a few moments, the sun set, and we had no chance to get our bearings. With an empty feeling within, we resigned ourselves to spending our first night in the jungle.

Pedro prepared a couch by cutting down large leaves and spreading them on the path. Our hammocks and two blankets completed our "bed," over which we later hung a mosquito net. Meanwhile, I collected firewood. There was much good material at hand, and with plenty of huffing and puffing we got the leaves and twigs to blaze. For supper, we had the remaining sandwiches and another hatful of water. Refreshment made us feel a bit better.

We decided to alternate in one-hour shifts of sleeping and of watching the fire—and the jungle! The one whose turn it was to sleep, covered himself against the chill night air, tucked the cover in well to keep out unwelcome visitors, and rolled around to find the part of the bed that had the fewest lumps.

The one whose turn it was to watch, sat on a log, with revolver and machete close at hand. He put wood on the fire to keep it going, swatted the clouds of mosquitoes, and kept his eyes and ears open. He couldn't see much of anything beyond the campfire, but he could hear interest-

ing sounds: the moving of our mule in search of grass and leaves, the rippling of the creek, and the chatter of nocturnal monkeys swinging from tree to tree high over our heads.

At times the monkeys came lower, to have a better look at us, and their presence made Pedro quite uneasy. He told me stories his father had told him, about large numbers of monkeys attacking human beings in the night.

The coming of dawn gave us great relief. We retraced our steps for four hours, until we reached the village of Junin. So we ate a square meal apiece, and I engaged a reliable guide for the completion of our trip. At twelve different places on the way to Junin, we saw jaguar tracks in the soft mud of the trail. But our first night in the jungle was then a thing of the past. What were a few jaguar tracks in broad daylight!

The author



THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

by Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

Father Bruneau, the well-known Sulpician, was noted for his aphorisms. One of them applies to the situation in China today. "It is too simple to be true," Father Bruneau used to say when some student in philosophy tried desperately to give the impression that he knew his matter. "The truth is not simple; it is complex," is another version of the same sentiment.

A Chinese diplomat in South America, commenting to the writer on some of America's "plans" for China, said what amounted to the same thing. Our solution for China's internal strife, he felt, was too simple to be practical.

An eminent Chinese recently offered a suggestion as to the manner in which America could help. He proposed that "advisers" endowed with much more authority than advisers usually have, would be acceptable in the administration of any aid program, provided that those men would be willing to be called "advisers" and to comport themselves as such, at least in public.

This is Chinese "face." If some outsider tried to control our affairs, and we resented the implication of helplessness, we should call our attitude something else, but it would still be "face."

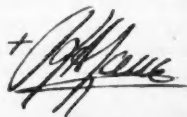
The most populous nation in the

world is faced with a problem that needs time for its solving. Even those foreigners who have passed most of their lives in China confess that this problem is complicated, and that the solution must inevitably be difficult. We should be patient with China.

A Chinese Bishop wrote recently to Maryknoll, "Please tell all around you that China is passing through a very serious crisis, and that everything should be done quickly in order to save her from total disaster."

We are already two years late. Now is the time to show repentance and to make amends. There are thousands of able and honest leaders in China, with just as much ability as the leaders of other great nations—in the army, in business, in the professions, and in politics. To say that China's problem is insoluble is defeatism. To take such a stand is dangerous as well as untrue.

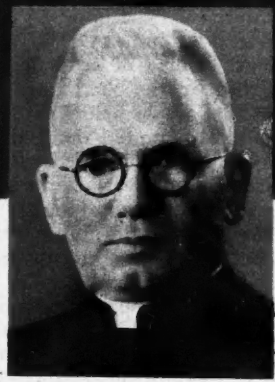
The program for assistance to China should call for speed in giving our help, and for patience in not expecting immediate results. And always the program should be conducted with due regard for the honor, the position, and the feelings of those whom we may have to "advise."



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SHRINE

FOR SANCIAN

Maryknoll's Father Robert J. ("Sandy") Cairns, of Holy Cross College and Worcester, Mass., loved Sancian Island, the hallowed spot where St. Francis Xavier died. At the outbreak of World War II, Father was taken from this mission by Japanese soldiers, killed and reportedly thrown into the sea. The chapel, rectory, and convent of the mission were badly damaged. As a memorial to "Father Sandy," friends are rebuilding the mission. You may join with offerings. The chapel will cost \$10,000.

Shipwreck at Big Bend

A leg in a bear trap,
seven miles in socks

by Mark A. Churchill



THE OLD SOUTH RIVER was in flood — roaring and snorting — with a current flowing faster than a man could run. About one third of the way to the South China mission of Lintan, the captain of the river boat decided to land at the market of Big Bend. Instead of prudently making his turn in the comparatively quiet water above or below the town, the captain attempted the maneuver in the bend itself, where a stony point narrows the river, causing a fierce current and a whirlpool.

As soon as the helm was "hard aport," the drag of the rudder caused the overloaded tub to list to starboard. Then the current caught the footboards on the starboard side, and over we went! Those in a position to do so, popped out through the port windows. I had almost made it when the boat went completely on her beam end, hurling me into the starboard scuppers. The floating cargo on the lower deck banged against the floor boards, causing them to separate. My left leg went down into the

opening, tearing off a toenail and bruising the skin. Then the boards clamped on my leg, above the knee, with the firmness of a bear trap.

For a few minutes it seemed that, if anyone were to drown, I should be the one. I said to myself, "Well, Churchill, this is it!" and got busy on the act of contrition and conformity to the will of God.

Although I was willing to drown, if it were God's will, I was determined to make battle as long as there was hope. I was submerged to my armpits, and was grimly clinging to my briefcase. At any moment the boat might continue its roll and turn turtle completely. I placed my still-dry case on my right shoulder and held it against the floorboards by my head; then I inserted both hands in the crack of the boards, braced my right foot against the nearest window stanchion, and pulled with all my might. On about the sixth jerk, my imprisoned leg came free.

I think what really saved me was the fact that the weight of the other

passengers, who were climbing to the port gunwale, caused the boat to roll to the opposite side. The shift of pressure on the boards was enough to help my efforts to prevail. At any rate, as soon as I had freed my leg, I opened the window, thrust out my briefcase, and eased myself out to the starboard deck.

The ship had settled down almost to the roof of the superstructure, but the buoyant nature of the cargo in the hold kept her from going all the way under. I ran up the side of the ship to the top. A moment or so later, the ferryboat that crosses the river at Big Bend came along. Together with twenty other passengers, I boarded it in safety. The ferryboat landed us about a mile and a half away, on the Lintan side of the river.

I had lost my baggage, umbrella and shoes, but had saved the pay roll for the mission staff, my passport, my glasses, and my breviary. And I had, also, my life! The possibility of getting back across the river to the Loting side was at best questionable, so I decided to proceed on foot to Lintan. I walked the next six or seven miles in my socks, in the pouring rain, along flooded paths and muddy roads.

A Fitting Memorial

is a room in a Maryknoll seminary. A plaque on the door will remind the priest or student occupant to pray daily for your beloved one.

Offering \$500.

Did you ever try walking in generous-sized woolen Army socks, in six inches of mud and water? If not, let me tell you that such socks stretch, and the weight of the mud and water tends to pull them

off your feet, so that you walk with about an inch and a half "flip-flopping" in front of your toes. This toe action was not at all pleasant on my torn toenail, but good sense told me that I could not walk barefoot on those stony roads. Eventually I was fortunate enough to get a sedan chair for the final seven miles.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon, I arrived in Lintan. The town and the mission were flooded to the depth of five feet. I fulfilled my duties as paymaster, had my second meal of the day, and then went to bed while my clothes were being dried. The next day I hobbled to the Loting mission for some first aid and about six cups of coffee in rapid succession.

It is very pleasant to have your friends dropping in to say, "Congratulations on your narrow escape!" In fact, I didn't know how many friends I had in this town until, one after another, they stopped me on the street and exclaimed, "Kung hei!" — "Congratulations!"

Father Ricci Explains

FATHER MATTEO RICCI, the Jesuit who opened China to the Faith, was asked how he could leave his home, his homeland and his loved ones and spend his life in distant China. His reply has become a classic. "There is no problem," he said. "We missionaries have God for our Father, all mankind for brothers, and the world for a home."



TERESA

by George M. Korb

WHEN I FIRST MET Koseki-san, she was living in a small, littered room in a bombed-out school building in Tokyo. There was no glass in the single window, and there were only half enough straw mats to cover the floor. Koseki herself was dressed in rags, with a piece of burlap tied about her waist as an apron. Her hands were swollen and red, for with only cold water and no soap, "dishpan" hands are inevitable in Japan.

No one would have thought that the poor room was the studio and living quarters of Japan's leading Catholic artist. Nor did it appear that those chapped hands could paint exquisitely beautiful Madonnas and angels, such as she showed me. Yet the smile on Koseki's face portrayed a woman happy in the midst of poverty.

Probably Koseki is the first artist ever to paint the Blessed Virgin wearing slacks. Of course no irreverence was intended. The best people in Japan, the working-class mothers, commonly wear *manpei*, the baggy Japanese version of what American women call slacks.

Koseki was born at Sendai, in northern Japan. Her father was an army officer, and her people were not Catholics. Her conversion to the Church was caused by admiration for the character of a Catholic Japanese who was a fellow student

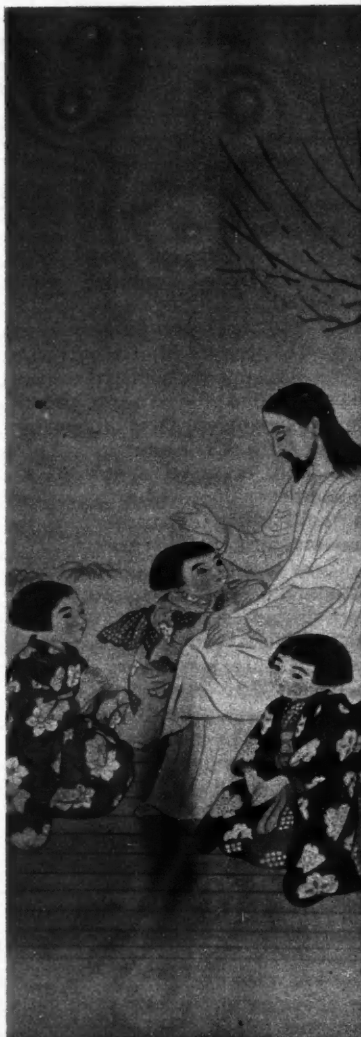
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A KOSEKI

at an art school in Tokyo. This friend eventually became a nun; Koseki, however, had no call to the religious life. Hers was a special vocation to the single life, as an artist. Koseki's work emphasizes three loves: love of God; love of her native land; and love of little children, who appear in the majority of her pictures. Her whole life is concentrated on the production of paintings that will spread the message of Christ among her fellow countrymen. She is one of the pioneers in making Christianity visual to the Japanese people in a medium that they understand, for it is customary for each home to have a scroll painting (*kakemono*) hanging in the most honored spot in the house.

The Church has always used every art in teaching its doctrine and in praising God. No other social or religious institution has done so much to promote the fine arts. Japan already has a highly developed artistic life, but it may well be that the true golden age of Japanese culture is yet to come. Christian concepts may furnish inspiration to attain new heights.

Like Koseki, the Church in Japan is now weak and poor. But it will not always be so. Teresa Koseki is only one of the leaders in an army of Japanese painters who will eventually take their places alongside the great religious artists of the West.



THAT'S ALL, BOYS." Frank heard Freddy's raucous tones conquer the drum of machinery. He set up his last row of bottles, wheeled on his heel, and flicked off the conveyor switch. Ducking under the conveyor belt, and sidestepping a stack of cases, he marched to the locker room.

Frank's steps were halting ones, for his head was throbbing with a maelstrom of surging thoughts. The hour of decision for him could no longer be postponed. As he kicked off his steel-tipped shoes and combed the small chips of glass out of his hair, the expressionless faces about him excited Frank's sympathy. These men had occupied much of his thought ever since he began working in the bottling department of the brewery, almost two years ago.

There was Leo, a California boy. Although he had been brought up by a devout Irish mother, his training had lacked something. Returning from the European theater two summers ago, Leo met a girl in New York. She was a Presbyterian, he a Catholic. But he couldn't be bothered with the rigamarole of promises, signatures on documents, dispensations, and all that; so he arranged for a justice of the peace to perform the ceremony. Leo had a baby girl now, but he wasn't happy—far from it. What he had thought he would find in marriage, wasn't there. And Sammy. Sam was a good worker. This job was a godsend to him, after his knocking around for years on a part-time job in the junk business. Now he had almost the three thousand dollars needed to set himself up

The **DILEMMA**

God seemed to want
him to go two ways

by Francis Murray

THE STORY OF THE MONTH

with a saloon. But Sam wasn't content, either. His wife was a fine girl. Still, about once every two weeks, he would go on a two-day "bender." Herman was the one man in the room who was not thoroughly disgruntled with life. Operating a filling machine at night didn't delight him, but the grand household of children he had at home was reward enough for the dreary hours spent watching the taps on his filler stick their spouts into empty bottles to release streams of lager. Joe, Marty, Ernest, Johnny—all of them—for fifty-nine minutes in every hour, wore the expressionless faces that well reflected their spirits. Frank's glance was full of sympathy for them.



Outside, Frank broke into a slow trot to turn the corner into Bushwick Avenue. It wouldn't do to miss that trolley, else he would sleep but three hours instead of four! He stepped into a doorway on Grand Street to escape the rain. The car was late. There it was now. He dropped into his usual seat, after inserting a nickel in the coin box. His eyelids rolled over and shut out the light — but there was no dozing for him even then. His mind was all astir. In imagination, he was carried from the brewery to China, back to his mother, and then around the circuit again. He would have to decide.

Why did God goad a man and hold him back, at the same time? Long years had passed since Frank had first detected the whisper of the

Lord, calling him to take the Gospel to the heathen. Frank had finished high school and was ready to enter the seminary. But he feared he couldn't leave Mom alone at her age: she had had a hard life since that day, in 1933, when the fatal asphyxiation of firemen in Long Island City's huge chemical blaze had left her with four fatherless youngsters to rear. Life still wasn't easy for Mom, but she didn't say a word to hold him back. She was just living for the day when she would see Frank elevate the Sacred Host he had consecrated. Nevertheless Frank had not gone to the seminary. He had, however, attended college, meanwhile earning something towards the family expenses by working in his "free" hours.

Thus two years had passed. Then war came. Three years of drill and maneuvers; finally, the voyage overseas and combat. Then peace. Home again. Two years of night work in a brewery, a few hours of sleep, and college in the daytime. He was twenty-five now. Old men are no good as missionaries. It was now or never.

But a man couldn't go two ways at once. His first duty was to his mother, wasn't it? Well, then, why did that voice persist? Why did he keep seeing slant-eyed faces appealing to him to come tell them about Christ? God knew he was willing to go, if only he could. Those men in the brewery — they were just living corpses. Their Creator didn't want them that way. A priest could fill the void in their lives. O Lord, why are You pulling me in two directions?

The dull stare of Joe, his partner

on the soaking machine, with its 70,000 bottles a night! He and Joe had set up a third of a billion bottles in the last two years. Why couldn't those hands of his put the saving Host of Christ on the lips of men, instead of curling themselves around the necks of empty beer bottles?

"Wake up, Frank; here's your corner."

"Oh — thanks! Good night."

"Good night," sang back the motorman, as Frank bounced to the pavement.

He ran across the tracks and jogged up the block, eager to get to bed. Why, why, why did Pop have to get into that fire? He should have been off that day, sighed Frank as he slid into bed. Weary muscles soon took him away to slumber land, although his mind still clung to the problem that would not be solved.

Mrs. Foley entered Frank's room, regretfully shaking her head. She disliked waking her son from a sleep of only four hours, but that was what she had been obliged to do during the past two months. So she tugged gently at Frank and uttered a regretful: "Wake up, son. It's seven o'clock."

The slumberer shook himself from his sound sleep, rolled over, and slid to the floor. Mrs. Foley left the room, her unpleasant duty done. On his knees Frank entrusted himself and the day to God. As he dressed, his mind turned back to the thoughts

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that had engrossed him the night before. To-day would be the last day of school for this semester. He would have to make his decision today. A man doesn't stay

young forever, he told himself again.

After a short, fast walk, Frank climbed the stairs to the "El." Thirty minutes later he was kneeling in the church attached to St. John's College. Mass began. Frank and his missal kept pace with the priest, and all the time he pleaded more and more earnestly with God for light to settle his problem. There seemed no escaping the horns of his dilemma.

Prayers at the foot of the altar; Introit; *Kyrie*. Before his heavenly Father, he was but a little child. And as a little child, he begged: "Help me, O God! Help me!" Gloria. Oration. Reading the Epistle, Frank fixed his gaze upon one sentence. He read, "For those who love God, all things work together unto good."

A wave of peace swept into his sorely tried soul. At last he saw! The answer to his problem was plain. Why, the solution was so absurdly simple it appeared incredible that he had not thought of it before. He knew that God was calling him. Well, then, he should go! Could not God devise means of taking care of his family? Could the omnipotence of his Creator, who had molded the universe, be balked? He loved God. What better guarantee did he need than this? Everything was bound to work out.

MY BOOK ABOUT GOD



Bishops in practically every State of the Union have written us letters in praise of MY BOOK ABOUT GOD. We are going to tell you a few of the fine things they said about this gorgeous, full-color storybook.

"Exquisitely and expertly done. . . The little ones of Christ's flock will find it delightful and instructive." — *Nevada*

"Emphasizes a tremendous need, an appreciation that all men are the children of God." — *Kansas*

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"Will plant the seed of the world apostolate in small children." — *Michigan*

"A lovely contribution to the mission education of our little ones." — *Washington*

"Excellent! Fills a great need." — *Massachusetts*

"A lovely piece of work. Maryknoll is to be congratulated" — *California*

MY BOOK ABOUT GOD is a Macmillan publication. It sells for \$2 a copy, at Maryknoll or at your bookstore.

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THE MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF
MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.

Please send me _____ copies of _____
Enclosed find \$ _____

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MOLLY and her NEIGHBORS



IN Maryknoll-in-Tanganyika, accent is on neighbors. Molly proudly sits with her twins, whom she loves dearly; often in her thoughts is the happy realization that the neighbors have great admiration for a young woman like herself, who can have, not one, but two babies at a time.

A favorite request of Musoma folks is that the missionary take their pictures. They are willing to pay for the product, too, because it means a lot to have a picture to show the neighbors.

Life has progressed remarkably in Tanganyika in the last sixty years. Many natives can read and write now; many are no longer limited to subsistence farming or to hunting and fishing. They raise crops that bring an income, or they engage in other activities that provide funds with which they may make purchases at the markets. Thus people like Molly can buy necklaces and silver cruci-

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**Hunting around Mu-
soma is now more a
pastime and no longer
a matter of filling hun-
gry mouths at home.**

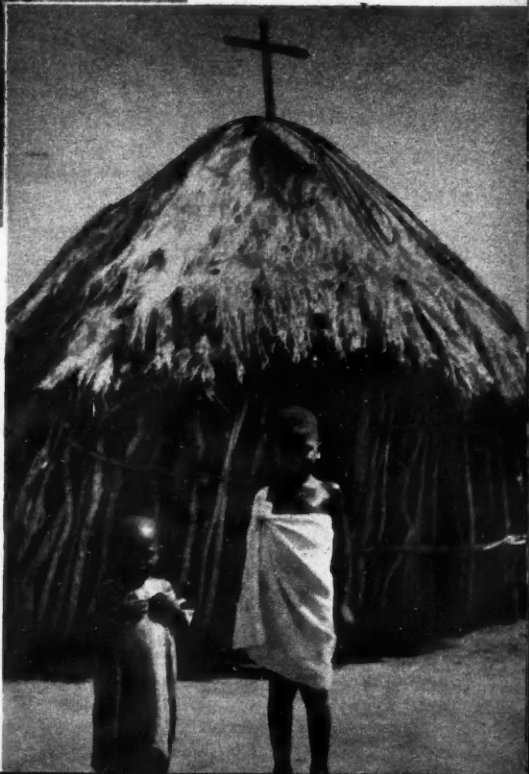


**More and more fre-
quently, we discover
the cross atop the roofs
of the simple Musoma
farmer-folk dwellings.**

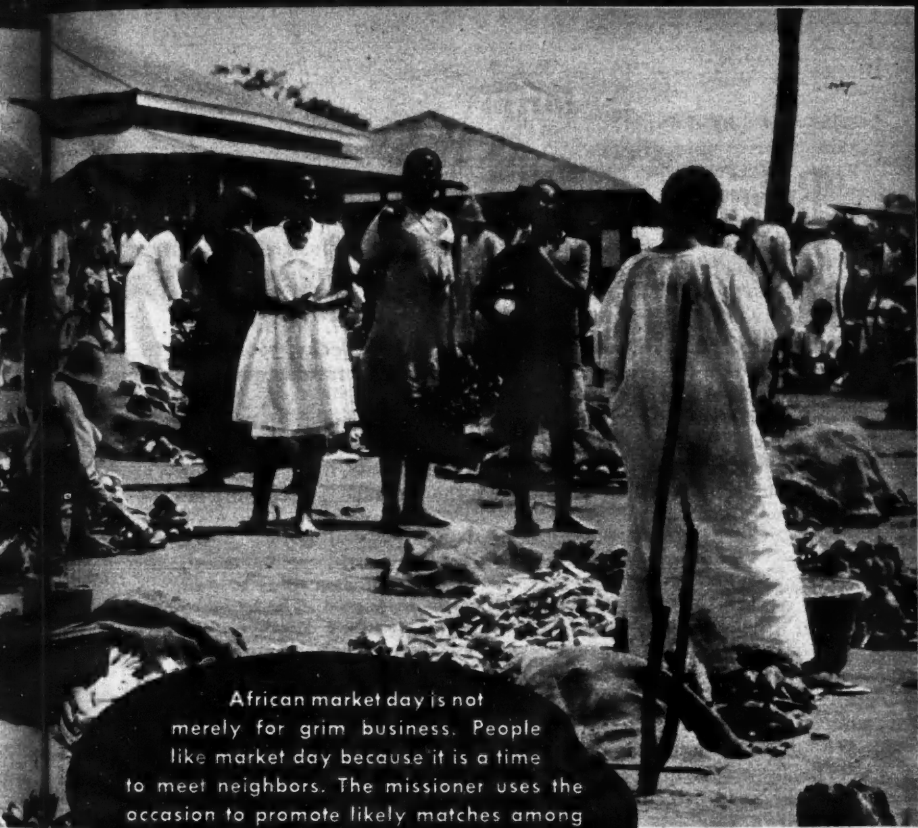
fixes that are the envy of
their neighbors.

Tanganyika today has half
a million Catholics, in a pop-
ulation of ten million. Along
the eastern shore of Lake
Victoria the numbers are
not heavy, but Church
growth is very encouraging.

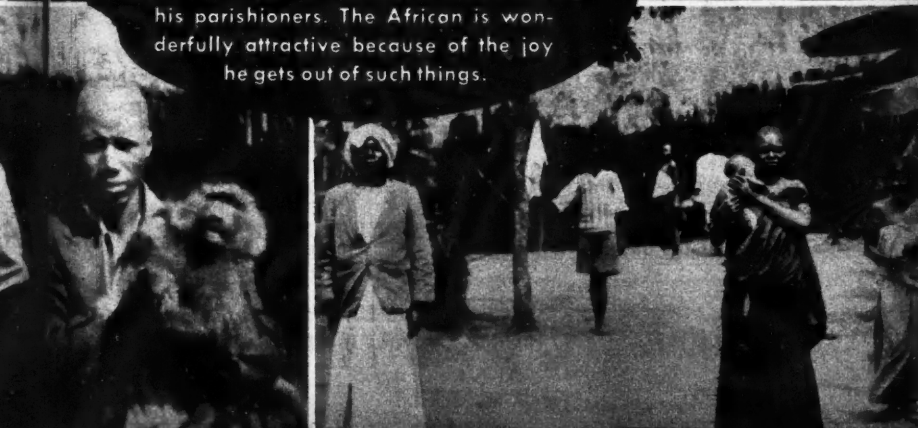
Some sixty to seventy-
five million people in Central
Africa are amenable to
Christianity. They will
gladly receive the call of
the missionary in the next
generation, provided mis-
sioners will be numerous
enough to carry the call.







African market day is not merely for grim business. People like market day because it is a time to meet neighbors. The missionary uses the occasion to promote likely matches among his parishioners. The African is wonderfully attractive because of the joy he gets out of such things.



"Bulging



at the Seams!"

IT IS A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELING! Today, young men from all over the nation are crowded into our already overcrowded quarters; so much so, that we are literally "bulging at the seams."

But wait a minute! Let's not allow this increase to lull us into an attitude of overconfidence and self-satisfaction. The following extract from the diary of Father Frederick Becka, of Cleveland, Ohio, now stationed in Wuchow, South China, shows that, even though the increase is great, the laborers are indeed very few:

"The town of Samkai needs a resident missionary. Besides the 300 new Christians, there will be 600 candidates ready to study when the next catechumenate opens, in August. The harvest is indeed great, but the laborers are all too few. Another village in the district has requested a catechist, so that the people may study the doctrine. Although that village has 1,000 interested souls, we shall have to wait until more priests and more catechists become available."

We must find a remedy for "bulging seams" if we want to take advantage of these wonderful opportunities. With God's help and yours, we will meet the need by completing the erection of our new Maryknoll seminary at Glen Ellyn, Illinois.

OUR PLAN

WANTED: 400 Patrons to provide 400 Units for our new seminary at Glen Ellyn. A Patron can be an individual, a society, a group — ANYONE! A Unit represents the space that one student requires for studying, praying, eating, and sleeping.

WHAT YOU CAN DO!

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Join: The BRICK-A-MONTH CLUB \$2 per month | 2. Give: ONE SECTION OF A UNIT \$400 |
| Bricks, cement, labor, etc., are all essential for our new home. | ONE COMPLETE UNIT \$1,600 |
| | A STRINGLESS GIFT |
| | FOR GLEN ELLYN. \$ _____ |

Send gifts or write for further information to:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

HERE is an example of how, in China, Catholic laymen helped us extend the Kingdom of God.

I met Joseph Wong, a Chinese gentleman on the Feast of the Assumption. He and his village, of which he was the head, had assembled for the holyday. On that occasion Mr. Wong was all eyes and ears, as he watched over his little band to see that they were responsive to everything that was expected of them. It was very satisfying to the missionary, to meet such a friendly and co-operative group.

This head of the village brought more than his own community into the fold of Christ: he persuaded three other villages to join the Church. He did this chiefly by talking with the heads of those villages, showing them the benefits of being Christians, and convincing them that they should study the doctrine and be baptized.

Joseph Wong has a lot of free time. His village does not suffer from his side activities. Communities such as his are made up of solid, good-living people who, by their prudent frugality, are under ordinary circumstances well fed and well clothed. Our apostle spends his free time visiting the neighbor-

ing Catholic hamlets and attending Mass in them when the priest comes. He goes to the city several times during the week, to tell everybody what a fine thing it is to belong to the Catholic Church.

I'll take my hat off any time to the excellent Catholic laymen in the United States. We couldn't have any Church without them. But I am ready to kiss the ground beneath the feet of any Chinese layman who converts the people of four villages and then constantly watches that they practice the Faith after conversion.

It will not be long until the Feast of the Assumption comes again. The four villages will assemble at the mission compound for the big day. What a great day that will be for these village folk! In addition to the religious exercises, there will be the simple pleasure of meeting friends. The youngsters will convert the mis-

sion compound into a ball field in no time. The sick will be especially happy, for they will receive medicine from the priest. Everybody will get attention.

On the Feast of the Assumption, I will say some extra prayers for Joseph Wong, our zealous lay apostle in the Kaying mission.

Won't you do the same?



by Louis H. Hater

HATS OFF TO JOSEPH

The Makynol/ Roundup

Perfect Fit. "I baptized a class of forty-five at Uen's house recently," says Father Michael J. McKiernan, of Pomeroy, Wash., now at Sz Wong, China. "After the ceremony an old lady presented me with a new pair of cloth shoes. I started to try them on for size. 'Don't bother, I measured your foot one morning after Mass,' she interposed. 'You measured my foot?' I asked, puzzled. Yes, exactly that, it turned out. In the country the people kneel around the altar; so, while I said the prayers after Mass, my friend had her chance to measure my shoe. Enterprising old lady!"



Fr. McKiernan

Tales from the Hills. "You can't beat Jazmin for a story," writes Father Walter J. Sandman, of San



Father Sandman

Francisco, Calif., now at Curepto, Chile. "He was in for Mass this morning. 'Did you hear about Sinforiano?' he began. 'Sinforiano was plowing his field, when what should he come on but an iron chest! He tried to open it, but couldn't. He tried to lift it, but couldn't. He got a pole and tried to pry it out of the ground, but couldn't. So then he

hitched his yoke of oxen to it, with a long chain. He beat the oxen, and they pulled and pulled. But the iron chest, instead of yielding, began to sink deeper and deeper into the ground — so deep that it pulled first the chain and then Sinforiano's yoke of oxen down out of sight! Poor man! He wanted that box so badly!"

No Subways. Father Thomas F. Wynne, of Quevedo, Ecuador, is the son of a New York policeman, and is a native of the subway circuit. But the other day in Palenque, he had no subway.

"The launch stops at Palenque about four A.M. I borrowed Father Lyons' boots and flashlight to help me reach it.



Father Wynne

Rain had fallen heavily during the night, and the ground was a sea of mud, except for a cement walk with many holes in it. I stepped on the edge of one hole — and almost broke my ankle. Then I came to some narrow planks that served as a bridge. With my twisted ankle, I had to balance on all fours to negotiate the crossing. At the river bank, no launch! So I spent an hour in the pouring rain, under a palm tree, swatting Ecuadorian mosquitoes. No, friends, Los Rios Province in coastal Ecuador is not New York City. But there are compensations."

These Maryknollers! "I went in from the Peto mission to Merida," explains Father John R. McGuire, of Mayfield, Pa., "and found that Cardinal



Father McGuire

Dougherty, of Philadelphia, was in the city. Since I was the only English-speaking priest in town, I was asked to accompany His Eminence. 'You speak English very well,' remarked the Cardinal in a puzzled tone. 'Yes, Your Eminence, I am a Maryknoller, working in the missions of Yucatan,' I replied. 'A Maryknoller!' he exclaimed. 'My, Maryknollers are everywhere.'"

No Paradise. "Jose Espinosa, seventeen years old, brought in his brother Tomas, who is eleven," writes Father James J. Logue, of New York City, now in the Bolivian Pando. "A week ago a falling tree practically tore off the younger boy's foot. Jose and Tomas with Joaquin, another brother, are trying to support their father by gathering rubber. Tomas is so small that he carries a box to stand on, in order to cut high enough into

the rubber trees. I read lamentations over the sad lot of Europe and of the millions who suffer from hunger in Asia; but here in the Bolivian jungles, I see that there is no paradise either. People live on rice, meat when they can shoot it, bananas, and yuca. They work ten to twelve hours a day, for enough money to buy a few rags each year. Bolivians deserve a little sympathy, too."

Chilean Blind Man. "A Chilean cowboy was stopped by a blind man," relates Father Arthur E. Brown, of Brookline, Mass., now at Nuble.

"An offering, in the name of God," begged the blind man. 'Here you are, poor man,' answered the cowboy. 'But this peso is counterfeit, senor,' protested the beggar. 'Counterfeit?' said the cowboy. 'How can you tell? You're blind.' 'No,' answered the fellow humbly; 'I am only substituting for my friend, the blind man.' 'Where is he today?' 'Oh, he's at the movies. He's an admirer of Bing Crosby.'"



Father Brown

WHERE IN THE WORLD ARE THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS?

IN THE PACIFIC

JAPAN — In the Prefecture of Kyoto.
KOREA — Temporarily in Seoul (Vicariate of Peng-Yang closed to Americans).
MANCHURIA — Diocese of Fushun.
SOUTH CHINA — Dioceses of Kiang-moon, Kaying, Wochow; Prefecture of Kwelling; also in Diocese of Hong Kong.

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS — In Diocese of Honolulu.
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS — Postwar work as yet undetermined.

IN LATIN AMERICA

BOLIVIA — Vicariate of Pando; also in La Paz, Cochabamba, and Santa Cruz.
CHILE — In Dioceses of Talca, Chilian, Temuco, and parish in Santiago.

PERU — In Diocese of Puno; among Chinese in Lima.

ECUADOR — In Archdiocese of Guayaquil.

CENTRAL AMERICA — In the Huehuetenango region of Guatemala and in two other areas of the north.

IN AFRICA

TANGANYIKA — In Vicariate of Musoma-Maswa.

With the Maryknoll Sisters

JAPAN • MANCHURIA • KOREA • HAWAII

PHILIPPINES • PANAMA • NICARAGUA

CHINA • BOLIVIA • AFRICA

"A WOMAN CAME into the dispensary today and held up her little finger to me. That meant she had malaria. Another woman said she had 'the last tail,' which also means malaria. Our people don't like to say the word."

Sister M. Beatrice (Meyer) ofavenport, Iowa, now at Yeungkong, Kongmoon, knows the Chinese pretty well, having lived twenty-three years among them. The dispensary takes care of more than 2,000 cases a month.

Saturu Matsuda is a first grader, whose Buddhist mother teaches Buddhism in Honolulu's released-time classes. Little Saturu skips Mama's class, to attend the next-door class of Sister Francis Regis (McAnany) of Philadelphia.

Chinatown—Not Very Tough

A little Chinese girl presented a bouquet to Sister M. Beata (Mackie) of Pittsfield, Mass., a Maryknoller teaching in Chinatown.

"Where did you get this, dear?"

"I collected money from all the men in my Daddy's saloon. I told them it was for you."

"He is keenly interested in the Catholic religion, young as he is," Sister reports. "Seems to have an unusual faith."

"Can you do something about my neck?" a woman asked Sister Dominic Marie (Turner) of Richmond Hill, N. Y., in the clinic at Toishan, South China.

"I can't see anything wrong with it," Sister said, puzzled. "Where does it hurt?"

"No hurt at all. There is too much fat there. I do not think a double chin becoming. You will remove it?"

"I counted a hundred children and then stopped — not for any lack of children, but in amazement," writes Sister Stephen Marie (Wood) of Seattle, Wash., now at Malabon, Philippine Islands.

Sister went to a neighboring town to visit a family. The bamboo wire-less told everybody as soon as she stepped on the main street. Out the people poured from their nipa huts, and swarmed around the American Sister.

"How I wish we could open classes in this town! But, because we are so few, our visits must be only in passing."

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It looks like baby day in Baguio. Sister Mary Fidelis Dorsch of Jamaica, Long Island, teaches young Filipina mothers to care for their children



In the Bolivian jungle, ninety per cent of the children suffer from disease. Sister Madeline Maria Dorsey of Brooklyn aids a young mother.



To Africa, to Africa!

To their Far Eastern and
Latin American chapters,
the Maryknoll Sisters now
will add a tale of Africa

TO THE HEART OF AFRICA!

To work with our Maryknoll Fathers in Tanganyika!

The first group of Maryknoll Sisters for Africa will leave this summer in the 1948 departure group.

Mission authorities say that, if enough missionaries can be sent, Central Africa with its 75,000,000 people will have a Catholic majority in forty or fifty years. It is the world's most promising mission field. But the time is *now*; otherwise, these millions may fall to Mohammedanism.

It may be our latest excitement, but Africa is not our only mission responsibility. Other groups of Maryknoll Sisters will depart, this summer, for China, Japan, the Philippines, Hawaii, South and Central America.

Still others will be added to our missions for Orientals, Mexicans, and Negroes in the United States.

The thought is thrilling — and frightening. The *if* is a big *IF*. The responsibility for getting missionaries to Africa or anywhere else is tremendous. Passage to the Orient costs \$600 now; a missionary's equipment and outfit add to that. And many Sisters are going!

But God has been very good to Maryknoll in sending us fine, sturdy, young missionaries. He will provide, too, as He always has, friends with the mission spirit, who will help us place our Sisters where they will be able to make Christ known.

Can you help them across at this time?

Maryknoll Sisters, Maryknoll P.O., New York

Dear Sisters,

Here is my part in helping to get your Sisters to their mission stations. It is

\$ _____; my prayers go with it.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

As long as I can, I will send \$ _____ every month to support a Sister. I understand that there is no obligation, and I may stop this contribution at will.

I pledge _____ days of work and prayer each month, for your work, realizing that prayer is essential to conversions.

CHECKER-BOARD QUIZ

Circle your answers.
Then see page 41.

1. Only this Apostle died naturally:

- a. St. Peter
- b. St. Andrew
- c. St. John

2. Oldest Catholic college in U.S.A. is:

- a. Notre Dame
- b. Georgetown
- c. Fordham

3. The U.S.A. was a mission land until:

- a. 1620
- b. 1812
- c. 1908

4. A Collect actually is the name for:

- a. A small collection
- b. A Mass prayer
- c. A golden chain

5. Africa's apostle, Ven. Francis Libermann, was:

- a. An American
- b. Son of a rabbi
- c. Pope Clement XV

6. Bernard O'Higgins was a:

- a. Chilean patriot
- b. Irish poet
- c. Boston Democrat

7. The native home for gorillas is:

- a. In India
- b. In Central Africa
- c. In the Amazon

8. The original Marco Polo was:

- a. Explorer in China
- b. Spaghetti maker
- c. Inventor of polo

9. Yearly converts in Africa total:

- a. 7,000,000
- b. 250,000
- c. 67,000

10. Araucanian Indians live in:

- a. Tanganyika
- b. Alaska
- c. Chile

11. Native priests are most numerous:

- a. In China
- b. In India
- c. In Uganda



by P. Francis Lynch

MY BEAN-CAKE SELLERS

HENG IP'S bright yellow bean cakes, the size of a graham cracker and twice as thick, are made at Summer Star Village. Bean cakes are used to replace vegetables at a Chinese meal. With soya sauce sprinkled on them, bean cakes have a wonderful, salty taste.

Summer Star Village is the recognized bean-cake center. Years ago the villagers were forced into the bean-cake business because they lacked land to till. Soon the Summer Star salesmen put unskillful competitors out of business. The excellence of the village product brought a certain amount of prosperity to Summer Star.

The top-ranking Catholic salesmen are Ah Lam and Ah Shui. Three times a week, these men leave home before dawn, to walk the twelve miles to Heng Ip Market. Each man carries one hundred pounds of bean cakes, packed in baskets.

At the market, they use their basket covers as a counter. They sit back on small stools, silently waiting for customers, because they do not wish to shout like common peddlers. On good market days, the first price

Ah Lam quotes a customer is final. When business is poor, Ah Lam's salesmanship is displayed. When he puts on his act, he usually makes a sale, although he may be forced to grant a concession — perhaps one extra cake for the same price.

Ah Lam is the older of the two salesmen. His body is thin, and poorly but neatly dressed. He could afford better clothes, but he prefers those made by his wife. He never went to school, but he can solve money problems without an abacus. Ah Shui is shorter as well as younger. His clothes are neat and clean. He taught school for four years until the rising cost of living forced him into the bean-cake business.

These village representatives sell their cakes while daylight lasts. Then they come to the mission and cook their supper. After night prayers they sit in the guest room, talking about the day's business. The pair are shrewd businessmen, and during these conversations they give me many pointers about buying rice, oil, and other things for the mission. Finally they accept our hospitality for the night's rest.

The next morning our two guests rise before dawn, say their prayers devoutly in chapel, and start out on the road before the residents of the town are up. They reach their village homes in time for breakfast. On Sundays they stay here for Mass and receive the sacraments.

A ONE-PICTURE STORY



MARQUETTE ROCK — Along Lake Superior's southern shore is Michigan's famed tourist attraction, Pictured Rocks. From one of them, Miner's Castle (above), the celebrated missionary, Father Jacques Marquette, blessed the Illinois Indians sitting in their birchbark canoes far below. It was from here that Marquette journeyed to discover the Mississippi River. Near here, at the age of thirty-nine, he died; and two years later, Indians took his remains to Mackinac for burial.



The Senora was Right

by Bernard F. Ryan

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL DAY.

As I sipped my morning coffee, I felt that all was right with Ecuador and the world. But that was before Senora Carmen, aggressive organizer of the drive for the new Sacred Heart statue, came in.

"Isn't it a miracle!" she exclaimed. "The new statue is finished a month ahead of time. The sculptor is waiting on the other side of the river, for enough men to carry it. It's huge, too! Eight feet high."

My hand that held the coffee cup froze in midair. I had only ten sucres — sixty cents American — in my pocket, and the freight alone would be two hundred sucres, plus the cost of hiring workers to carry the statue to the church. Why, in this region where everything usually arrives at least two weeks late, did the statue have to come a month ahead of time?

I left the house and went across the river. On the way, I told the Sacred Heart that I should appreciate His helping me pay for His statue's trip.

Roberto, captain of the porters, greeted me with a grin. He said, "I knew you would want the best of care, so I hired a boat and twenty men on each side of the river."

I gulped over the extravagance, and set about the problem of transportation. With much heaving and grunting, we lowered the statue to the boat. On the opposite bank, another twenty porters and the bulk of the townspeople were on hand.

We carried the statue through the town — past saloon, poolroom, and city hall. At the church we lowered the crate, and made a reverent delay before opening it. Then, to the accompaniment of expressions of awe, the statue was taken out of its wrappings.

I spoke to the truck driver who had brought the crate to the river. He told me that his bill was only two hundred sucres! I was about to tell him he would have to wait, when Roberto came up.

"Padre," said Roberto, "it was an honor to carry the Sacred Heart for the first time. Each of the forty porters wishes to donate a half day's pay to the Sacred Heart."

I took the two hundred sucres he handed me, and gave them to the driver. Then I took the ten-sucre bill with which I had started the day, and gave it to Roberto to buy some "chicha" for his "boys."

Departing, I heard someone say, "It must be nice to be a rich American!"



The author

Kao Lin Wins Grandpa

by Robert J. Greene

SEVERAL YEARS AGO a little girl came to us to study Catholic doctrine. Her name was Kao Lin, which means High Forest. She underwent the full course of instruction, but we could not permit her to be baptized because of the opposition of her grandfather with whom she lived. In spite of her pleas, the old man stood firm in his refusal to have anything to do with what he termed "that foreign religion."

On the day of the group's baptism, Kao Lin was on hand to watch. After the ceremony, we gave out medals and pictures of the Sacred Heart, according to custom here. Ordinarily we give the Sacred Heart picture to Catholic families, but we made an exception and gave one to Kao Lin in order to console her.

The little girl took the picture home and placed it in her room. One day her grandfather noticed the picture and read the inscription, "Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom Come in China." Anger rose up in the old man like a windstorm in the rice field.

He summoned Kao Lin and berated her. "Does not this writing bear out all that I have told you? Does not it say that these foreigners have come to conquer China and

place a king over us?" the old man demanded.

At first his anger was too great to allow Kao Lin to explain. But explain finally she did, in her simple, sincere manner.

"This is not the picture of a foreign king," she answered. "It is the Saviour of the world. His is not a kingdom of politics, or for foreigners alone. He died for all men because He loved men. But He rose from the grave and lives again, and His is a kingdom of love, holding sway in the hearts of all men. He is God, who made the world, who made you and me."

The sincerity of Kao Lin's speech touched the old man. His eyes filled with tears. His anger cooled, and his heart became warm with a new love.

It was a joyful day when Kao Lin and her grandfather were baptized. The Sacred Heart had heard her prayers. She rejoiced that soon He would be enshrined, openly, in her home.

All this happened some years ago. Now Kao Lin has been graduated from high school and is a woman. In a few days she will leave us, not to be married, but to enter the novitiate of the Chinese Catechist Sisters.

Above the Din of Marching Armies

Leading Role

There is no task assigned to man that compares, in either importance or magnitude, with the one that was enjoined upon the Catholic Church by God Himself. The task was made known to the Apostles when the time came for Christ to depart from them. That moment brought the necessity of leaving with the Apostles and their successors an outline of the work He wanted them to undertake in His Name. It was a supreme moment, because it was to inaugurate a new era in the history of mankind; and it had to determine, then and there, what part the Church was to play in that history. The part was to be a paramount one. It was to write the essential story of the human race, leaving to the rise of empires and the march of secular civilization the furnishing of the footnotes. Those developments affected the life of man; the Church's part was

to mold the heart of man. In itself it constituted the world's greatest, longest and hardest task. For that reason it was not given to the Apostles as a passing assignment: it was a permanent work to be carried out by the whole future Church.

Long Furrow

Much of the world still remains to be converted, but even the partial fulfillment of the great commission was fruitful and glorious. The sound of the preaching of the Gospel

was heard above the din of marching armies; it went steadily forward through the ages, to revolutionize the earth. By the Gospel's radical effects in the lives of men and in the building of their civilization, it long ago established itself as the true arbiter of human destiny and the shaper of the future of the world. Its divinity was recognizable, also, in the superhuman energy with which

Archbishop Rummell, New Orleans:



"Holy Mother Church looks with greater eagerness than ever towards the United States of America for the spiritual, moral, and material aid necessary for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ to the utmost bounds of the earth.

"We have abundant reasons to rise with courage, generosity, and enthusiasm to this challenge for the spiritual, moral, and material assistance upon which depends the salvation of millions of souls."

✠ JOSEPH F. RUMMELL, D.D.

its preaching was prosecuted. This preaching was the hardest task ever given to men, but it was also the task that enlisted the best energies, and even the voluntary lifeblood, of the best of men. For if it was the hardest task in the world, it was also the greatest cause. The Apostles gave their lives to inaugurate it. The doctors of the Church labored for it. The apostolic saints of the early ages penetrated the rude forests of Europe and converted nations, in their determination to carry it on. And the missionaries of all the centuries spread over the seas and into every corner of the world, in their ceaseless efforts to continue it.

No opposition, however sanguinary and savage, could check the Gospel march, and the history of that march is largely written in blood for that reason. It turned back at nothing. It had varied fortunes. It did not always conquer. It often suffered reverses. But it risked all and gave all for the salvation of men, with a boundless charity that stamped it as divine.

Eleventh Hour

The work that was so peremptorily commanded, so bravely begun, and so perseveringly followed up throughout the ages, is being pressed to a conclusion by the Church in our day. The project, vast as it is, must be completed, for it represents the sole hope of salvation for a billion perishing pagan souls. The task of

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

*Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America*



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

Maryknoll P. O., New York

reaching those souls is truly tremendous. But the new energy that came on earth in the form of the charity of Christ is also tremendous. It can flood the hearts of the people of God with love for their brothers. It can call into being armies of missionaries, and it can fill their souls with the fire of apostles. It can duplicate the victories of the martyrs. It can repeat the conquests of Paul and Xavier. It is a force that is capable of finding and conquering the hearts of men all over the world.

Shepherd of Heron Market



He ate his own shirt

by Henry J. Madigan

ONE COLD DAY, as Father Michael Gaiero and I were bicycling to a Christian village, I noticed that he was wearing only a light jacket.

"Where is your overcoat?" I asked. "Down in Canton," was the enigmatic answer.

Later I learned that he had lent his overcoat to a Christian who was to make his first trip to the metropolis, and who would have had to stay home but for Father Gaiero's generosity. The action was typical of "Father Mike."

Father Gaiero arrived in China

from Maryknoll and Haverhill, Massachusetts, just one day before the attack on Pearl Harbor. His introduction to the mission language came in classes held in Stanley internment camp. Consequently, his Chinese was a mixture of the following: Japanese, learned from his captors; an Indian dialect, learned from his Sikh guards; and Hakka, learned in the camp class.

Released from internment, Father Gaiero made his way to Kaying. There he was assigned to the mission farthest from the center, known as "Obi's Desert": "Obi" from the fact that the pastor of the region is Father William O'Brien, of Chicago, and "desert" because that's what it is. The language there is called "sand language"; it was reputed to be understood and spoken by no one in China except the local inhabitants and Father O'Brien.

Father Gaiero arrived at Obi's Desert, unpacked his belongings — one shirt — and was immediately told to make a visitation of his sand-country territory. Imagine his surprise when he discovered that his mixture of Japanese, Hakka, English, Indian, and Italian was understood by the natives!

For the past three years, "Father Mike" has been pastor of the largest mission in Kaying — Heron Market. This mission is outstanding because of the fact that the Christian population (2,000) consists of third- and fourth-generation Catholics. The pastor has built up the most popular middle school in the region. He employed only the best teachers, insisted on entrance examinations for all applicants, and expelled students

who failed to measure up to the high standards he established.

Whenever he is questioned about his educational successes, he gives a standard answer:

"Why, I'm from B.C." Boston College men, like Holy Cross men, take every opportunity to get in a "plug" for their alma mater.

Father Gaiero has become a fine conversationalist in Chinese. He practices on everyone he meets. If there is only one old granny in a shop, Father Gaiero is sure to be holding a conversation with her several minutes after he has entered.

Kaying missionaries tell an interesting story about Father Gaiero and the one shirt he brought to Free China. When Father was still a curate, his pastor decided to do something about replenishing the curate's wardrobe. Passing through the market place, the pastor saw a single foreign shirt hanging in a shop. The pastor bought the shirt for his curate.

Some days later the pastor went off on a mission trip, leaving Father Gaiero in charge of the home base. But the pastor, either because he had exceeded his budget by buying the shirt, or because he carried his scanty funds with him, forgot to leave the curate the wherewithal for current expenses. After several days of rice

and one kind of greens, Father Gaiero handed the unworn shirt to his cook, with instructions to sell it and to put the cash into groceries. Shortly after-

ward, the pastor returned from his trip. Passing through the market place, he saw the shirt hanging in a shop, for sale. Noticing that it resembled the shirt he had given

his curate, he decided rather reluctantly, and with visions of a turnip diet, to surprise Father Gaiero and allow him two shirts.

The pastor accordingly bought the shirt. But on the way home, he changed his mind. He decided that both pastor and curate should each have a new shirt.

Reaching home, the pastor said to Father Gaiero: "I bought a new shirt. It's just like yours. Be sure to mark your shirt, so that we shall be able to tell them apart."

"I'm sure there will be no difficulty," Father Gaiero answered. He did not state that his own shirt was gone, for he feared to hurt the pastor's feelings by seeming ungrateful.

It was not until much later that the pastor learned the whole story. Whenever he hears mention of his former curate, he remarks: "Father Gaiero? Why, when he was my curate, he actually ate his shirt!"

For Pleasure in Giving

Help educate a boy to be a Maryknoll priest. He will make God known; you will share in his ministry. To train him costs more than a dollar a day.

QUIZ ANSWERS (Average 8 correct): 1. a. All Apostles but St. John were martyred; he died naturally. 2. b. Georgetown, founded by Maryland clergy and taken over by Jesuits in 1805. 3. c. In 1908 the U.S.A. was removed from jurisdiction of the Congregation *Propaganda Fide*, the Church's mission directorate. 4. b. Prayer said before epistle at Mass. 5. b. Convert son of a rabbi, the Venerable Francis Libermann founded a mission society for Africa and is called "the modern apostle of Africa." 6. a. He was liberator of Chile from Spain. 7. b. The few remaining gorillas are in Central Africa. 8. a. Explorer of China. 9. b. Yearly conversions, 250,000. 10. c. Chile. 11. b. India leads the mission world with almost 3,000 native priests.



Going!

- **TO TEACH**—In one Chinese mission alone, two Maryknoll missionaries have 8,000 non-Christians under instruction in the Faith.
- **TO BRING HELP**—Father Steinbach, a Maryknoll missionary in Japan, helps 16,250 families with food, clothing, and medicine.
- **TO HEAL**—In one year, Maryknoll dispensaries in the mission of Kweilin, China, administered 188,000 free medical treatments.

THESE NEW MISSIONERS cannot do the great work for which they offer their lives unless they can get to their mission fields. But *you* can help in this work without going to the missions — you can share in the work by helping a missionary get to his post.

EACH MISSIONER NEEDS \$500 for travel and equipment. Will you supply this sum, or a part of it? By sharing in a missionary's labor, you share, too, in the blessings God showers upon those who carry out His will.

------(Please Use This Blank)-----

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

I enclose \$_____ to help pay the passage of one Maryknoll missionary to his field of work. I wish him success!

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Soda and a Swimming Hole



New "bay windows"
accounted for
three whole sheep

by Jerome P. Garvey

AS YET WE HAVEN'T had a picnic that would top all picnics, but we are getting mighty close to it. This year's picnic, for the youngsters from the Molina section, was the chief event of the year in the lives of our Chilean lads.

We borrowed three trucks from neighboring ranches, loaded the boys aboard, and set off for a three-hour ride to the Cold Water Ranch. Its owner had given us permission to picnic there.

As soon as we arrived, the boys had their first snack of the day — but they lunched again every few hours. We had brought along three whole sheep, baskets of vegetables, sandwiches, a large container of sherbet, and five or six cases of soda water. Several women, mothers of some of the boys, had accompanied our picnickers, to prepare the food, and they did an excellent job.

The forenoon was spent in making excursions into the hills. In the after-

noon we found a place that was suitable for swimming. The water of the brook was not too deep, and there was no danger of anyone being carried away by a swift current.

For most of our youngsters, it was their first bath since last summer, so we saw to it that everyone got in. We should have liked to jump in ourselves, but after a few moments the boys had too much mud stirred up. There was great splashing and yelling, and both Father Sampson and myself had our hands full, keeping order.

After the swimming, we gathered the boys together for the final snack. When they had finished eating, not a crumb remained — only the bones of the sheep, and the empty bottles and containers. Most of our boys were sporting little "bay windows" which is quite unusual for them.

After cleaning up, the boys piled onto the trucks, and we started home. There was singing all the way, interrupted only when we passed people. To them we roared a greeting — "Viva!"

Back in Molina, we drove three times around the plaza to show our respect for tradition. Then we unloaded our happy passengers. Two tired Padres hastened home to seek warm baths.

A New Tree Buds

HOW should you like to journey through the Chinese countryside for a couple of weeks at a time, taking pot luck as to your food, sleeping in primitive farmhouses wherever you could find a corner, and spending your days stimulating farmer folk and their children to make good Christians of themselves?

Such is the principal work of the Immaculate Heart Sisters of Kongmoon. These Chinese Sisters are now



(Upper)
The Sisters love chapel devotions, yet gladly sacrifice them for work.

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(Lower)
The Maryknoll Sisters train native Sisters to give medical aid to women





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a religious community in full career, contributing in very practical and substantial fashion to the Church's life, in this South China area of a million families. They are no longer an experiment: they are a successful reality.

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Twenty years ago, Bishop James E. Walsh, of Kongmoon, wrote: "Our Chinese girls are beginning to turn to the religious life. We are not ready for them. First they got on our nerves; now they get on our conscience."

The importunity of his zealous

young ladies led the Bishop to found this community. Sister M. Lawrence, from Fall River, Mass., and Sister M. Patricia, from Arlington, Mass., gave the spiritual formation and made sure that the Chinese religious were properly equipped for their task. The woes of China have interfered with such training. But in spite of handicaps, the intelligence and sturdy determination of the group make them exceptionally capable.

"There exists in China," Bishop Walsh wrote some years ago, "a distinct and widely shared tendency to



Many promising candidates from good families came for the long preparation

aid the person and the work of the Catholic Sister. This is so much the case that missionaries soon learn to withhold their own aid in practical affairs, because the Sisters unaided and alone can extract much more courtesy and assistance from the general public, Christian or pagan."

This was particularly evident during the recent war. "If a missionary attempted to pass the Japanese, he would run afoul of trouble," reported a priest. "But the Immaculate Heart Sisters came and went without trouble, throughout the conflict. Alone they practically kept the mission alive. Regularly they went into the

country districts, to teach and to carry on medical work. Whenever they encountered a case of grave illness, they brought the patient into the city under the noses of occupying troops, in order that we could provide the medical assistance needed."

With the war over, the work of the Sisters is ordered and efficient. They love the sacraments, and they count as precious every day's Mass and Communion. But they are sensible enough to put the good of the people first, and they never hesitate to go into remote sections where their only religious life is that which they carry in their hearts.

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SOON AFTER his arrival here in Cozumel, Father John Lenahan attended a birthday party. I saw to it that he took his violin with him.

"It's silly for a priest to appear with a violin," he remarked.

"But you're not only a priest; you're a missionary," he was reminded. "And a violin is not only something with which to idle away time; it is a wonderful means for winning friends."

At the party, Father Lenahan was induced, by a little coaxing, to take out his instrument. His first selection was received with such enthusiasm that he was surprised rather than flattered. He was like a man who had greatly underestimated his strength. From that time forward, he used his music to attract people to the Faith.

Father Lenahan is a musician of no ordinary ability. The Archbishop of Merida visited our mission of Cozumel shortly after our arrival, and probably he approached the island with some uncertainty as to what the new gringo priests would be like. Among His Excellency's pleasant discoveries was this modest curate, who completely enthralled the prelate by his superb playing.

Father Lenahan is a Pennsylvanian. He graduated from the Braun School of Music and from the Philadelphia Musical Academy, and he taught violin before entering the Seminary. His first mission field was Manchuria, where his work terminated on Pearl Harbor Day. After a period in a Japanese prison and a voyage home on the exchange ship, he came to Cozumel.

Father's first conquest here was the organization of the choir. The

What a Fiddle Can Do

by George F. Hogan



young ladies had heretofore looked on the task as drudgery, but they were pleased as Punch when they quickly acquired skill under his practiced direction. Every session was counterpointed by a doctrinal interlude, which they likewise enjoyed. Father placed the choir under the patronage of Our Lady of Guadalupe, and on the twelfth of each month, her special day, the young ladies receive Holy Communion. We noted with satisfaction that this group of thirty girls soon became outstandingly zealous Catholics.

Like all true Mexicans, the people of Cozumel love music. Even the men became interested, and after a while a male choir vied with the traditional parish unit. Later a boys' choir, and then a young girls' choir, were formed. Even our simple doctrine classes took on new quality because punctuated with music. It is marvelous what a fiddle can do!



MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

"What'll I Do?" Parents are asked that question in Bolivia as in Baltimore and Boston. If Father McCloskey is given \$500 for boys' athletic equipment and girls' sewing and knitting materials, parents will answer, "Go to the church!" And we shall have won the young people, who in a few years will be responsible adults.

Give an Altar to Father Hahn, in China. He also needs vestments, candlesticks, a tabernacle, a ciborium, and other fittings for the sanctuary of his church. The cost can be covered by \$275. All or any part of this sum will help.

He Gets Around — Father Foody, of Chile. But he could get farther, faster, with a motorcycle. It will cost \$310, and treble the area this willing priest can serve.

Sanctuary Lamps — a year's supply of oil for Father Fedders' mission in China will cost \$25. The offering will be consumed before the Blessed Sacrament.

Organ-ize the Church; that is, provide it with an organ! The pun is bad, but the need is real in Africa. An excellent instrument can be secured for \$300. Will some friend provide all or part of the sum?

Give a Man — a living aid, an active worker for Christ. A Chinese seminarian can be trained for a whole year, for only \$150. Help him, and participate in all his future Masses, prayers, and other apostolic works.

Rush Him to the Hospital! Cases that cannot be treated by the Maryknollers are sent by them to the hospital in Santa Cruz, Bolivia. Transportation of a sick person costs 60c; a fund must be kept on hand to pay this small sum, as emergencies are frequent. Contributions are asked for this fund.

Altar Cruets are required — three pairs, at \$1.75 a pair — for Mass in Korea.

Ready! Father Gerbermann, of Ecuador, has a group of girls all ready to study for baptism. He needs working material for doctrine classes: charts, liturgical books, and pictures explaining catechism and Bible history. All can be purchased for \$50. Who will help?

Human Truck — such is a Chinese baggage carrier, able to transport all a missionary must have to say Mass in outlying districts. Only by the carrier's aid, can the sacraments reach thousands of Christians. Will you spare \$5 to pay him?

They Can Stand It — having no benches to sit upon at Mass; but they prefer that their church should be like other churches. Twenty benches are needed in Japan, at \$5 each. Who will give one — two — five — ten — or more?

Look Out! That is too easy, at one of our Guatemala churches, for there are no windows — only holes in the walls. Windows will cost \$25 each, glazed; eight are needed. Please help us get them!





SPECIAL NEEDS

1. Bishop Paschang, China, food for refugees	\$300
2. Father Gerbermann, Ecuador, Center for neglected girls	300
3. Father Collins, Africa, set of carpenter's tools	300
4. Father Sheridan, Chile, Stations of the Cross	70
5. Father Harter, Chile, medicine for the poor	50
6. Father Edmonds, China, altar candles, year's supply	50
7. Father Bayless, Africa, dispensary medicine	50
8. Father Lenahan, Guatemala, Mass wine and hosts	35
9. China Missions, sets of altar linens, each	30
10. Father Petipren, Korea, set of altar cards	25
11. Father Meaney, Peru, sanctuary lamp oil	25
12. Father Meyer, China, catechist monthly salary	15
13. Father O'Brien, China, catechist monthly salary	15
14. Father Kiernan, Peru, seminarian's support monthly	15

A Maryknoll Annuity may interest you. You enjoy income from your funds. Write us for a free annuity booklet.



GOOD FOR A LIFETIME. Mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, and friends remember as long as they live the first blessing of their newly ordained. "Thou art a priest forever!" proclaims the liturgy. "And a missionary forever," adds the young Maryknoller in his heart.

